

CORY'S DAILY CARTOON.

His Christmas Hint.

I WANT A
SUBSIDY BILL

MARKIE HANNA—I want something else to play with.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY. A New Demonstration That a Bird in the Hand Is Worth Two in the Bush.

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YOUNG girl writes me as follows:

"I have two lovers, one of whom I have been corresponding with but whose obligations prevent him from marrying, and one where I live."

"Now, the facts are, I love the one with whom I am corresponding very, very dearly, but I can have no prospect of marrying him, for it might be years, as he frankly tells me, ere he can be freed from his responsibilities. The other young man loves me devotedly, and when I told him last evening that I did not care enough for him to marry him he broke down and cried like a child."

"I wrote my absent lover about the offer of marriage which I had from the other young man, and he answered that if I accepted it, he hoped that I would be happy. He also expressed regret that he was not the happy man. He begged me, however, not to stop writing to him up to the last moment."

"Should I give up the lover who pleads with me to marry him, for an uncertain future, even though I love the other one with all the love in my heart?"



LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

My dear, I would say to you, in my judgment it would be wisest and best to look more kindly upon the lover who has come manfully forward and asked you to be his wife. There could be no greater proof of his love. Such devoted love as this young man has for

you must surely win your love in return. Do not let morbid, sentimental fancy wreck your happiness. Every maiden has just one true lover in her lifetime. Beware lest you send him from you. The girl who waits long years for a lover generally dies an old maid. By the time he considers himself in a position to wed the sweetheart of his youth she is aged and faded, and unfortunately displeasing to his sight. A newer, fairer, younger face will attract him."

It is the young reebud of a girl whom he will be eager to make his wife, caring not for the wrecked, disappointed life of the middle-aged woman who has staked all her happiness on his constancy and affection and ignominiously lost."

The wise girl puts from her thoughts and hopes the man who admits to her that he cannot marry for long years, for she knows youth-time is the time to wed. The bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, my dear.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

STARTING THE NERVES RIGHT Begin Sound Training in Childhood.

THOUSANDS of cases of "nerves" are due to ancestral indulgence, which we, as their descendants, must inherit and combat for the rest of our lives. Children are born into the world with a tendency to weak and excitable nerves, and nothing but great care and forethought can prevent their nerves from making life more or less miserable for them as they grow older.

The trouble is that in the vast majority of cases the harm is done before the children have reached a reasoning age. They are, consequently, no more responsible for their nervous condition than are we for an accident received in a railroad wreck.

Freedom from excitement is one of the prime essentials for the healthy development of the infant, and yet many mothers stimulate the little one to exhibitions of nervous excitability simply to show the baby off to friends or relatives. The infant is tormented in every way to laugh, play or make violent manifestations of interest or pleasure. The nerves are played upon like the strings of a harp, and it is little wonder that the child grows up into a restless, nervous, excitable boy or girl. Even at the risk of having people consider the child dull and phlegmatic one should strive to shield the baby from any such causes of excitement. Try to keep its little mind quiet and placid, and let its enjoyment of scenes be of a quiet and peaceful nature and not violent and excitable.

Sleep and regular hours are also essential to the proper nourishment and development of the nervous system of the infant. If late hours and irregular sleeping times are followed, the child's nervous organization is bound to suffer. It is unduly stimulated and awakened at an age when it should be dormant. It may be said that any of our artificial methods of living are more or less exciting to a child.

The best way to guard a child's nerves is to make its life as simple and natural as possible. The glitter of gas light, unusual music and excitement of laughter and talking in the house where the child may be, and the disturbing noises and sounds in the streets of a city contribute to make the little one develop prematurely along undesirable lines. Regular hours of quiet, peaceful sleep must be rigidly observed for every infant.

Of course, anything that interferes with the child's nourishment and physical development must react upon it.

SWEET ODORS. ONE may keep one's room sweet with that fragrance of violets all winter by setting little bowls of powdered orris root about them. The orris root should be renewed once or twice a month and the bowls washed whenever it is changed. Dainty Japanese bowls and quaint dishes and vases make the best receptacles, and it is wise to cover them during the night to preserve the sweetness of the powder. By hanging sachets of orris root in the wardrobe one's garments will be given an evasive and charming fragrance.

the nerves, and if indigestion and stickiness continue long they will create havoc with the little one's nervous organization. It is quite essential that the body should first be considered, and then after that the mind and the nerves, but the three are bound up so closely that in considering one we have to consider all.

RECEPTION GOWN.

This afternoon reception dress is of fine faced cloth, strapped with satin, and caught in places with small fancy



metal buttons. The corage has a novel arrangement of lace, which appears again on the cuff of the upper sleeve. The waistcoat, cuffs and collar are of lined brocade, outlined with black and gold; the vest and under sleeves in white chiffon.

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BEDROOM WINDOWS SHOULD BE OPEN BOTH DAY AND NIGHT.

A man who cured himself of a tendency to consumption by arranging his mode of life upon a common-sense basis sends us these four rules. They lie at the basis of good health. They ought to have your careful attention:

First—Avoid crowded, stuffy places, such as packed street-cars, waiting-rooms, ferry-cabins, poorly ventilated halls and theatres.

Second—Never ride when you can walk.

Third—Keep your bedroom windows open all day long if possible, and, without fail, all night long. If there is a draught put a high folding-screen about the end of your bed.

Fourth—Hold your head up, breathing slowly and deeply. All of these rules mean fresh air. And fresh air means life, vigorous, effervescent, poured into every nook and corner of your system. Foul air, on the contrary, means disease and decay eating away at every part of you.

Our ancestors, dirty, ignorant creatures that they were—though we have no right to blame them for it, because it was not their fault—had a violent prejudice against fresh air at night. The theory was that as soon as the sun went down all manner of pernicious things issued from the black bosom of the earth—devils, ghosts, poisonous vapors, disease and death.

So they built beds in the walls, with heavy doors to them, or reared about the couch a mighty structure weighted with thick curtains. St. Simon gives as an instance of the utter selfishness and heartlessness of Louis XIV. that he came to see Mme. de Maintenon one day when she was indisposed, found her in a room with the windows tightly closed, and at once ordered them thrown wide open. The reason that Louis XIV., in spite of his gluttonous habits, lived to such a great age in comparatively good health was this instinct for fresh air which made him break through the strong prejudice of his time.

But we are not yet cured of the night-air superstition. Thousands, perhaps millions, of us sleep in close, foul bedrooms, every window shut, or, at most, one window an inch or two open. We breathe stale, deoxidized air over and over again. It is not only an unclean habit. It is also a dangerous habit. No wonder so many people have a "family doctor." To say nothing of their habits of overeating and improper eating, they draw into their systems, charge the blood and feed the nerves with rank poison—foul air.

The favorite excuse for this unclean habit—there is always an excuse for every unclean habit—is that to sleep with the windows open in Winter is to invite a severe cold. Of course it is, if one does not dress himself for bed warmly enough. And it is necessary to dress much more warmly for bed than it is for going outdoors. At night the circulation of the blood is more sluggish and every part of the body is exercising itself less. Therefore one ought to be warmly clad from feet close up to the chin—not weighted down and smothered, but clothed.

Don't be afraid of fresh air. But be in mortal terror of close air and stale air and foul air. It is an especial disgrace for a New Yorker to treat himself to any but fresh air. For through the streets of New York—and this is true of no other great city of the world—blows the purest and cleanest air, poured from the mighty filtering reservoirs of the open ocean. A New Yorker who closes his windows at night is like a mountaineer who would refuse the sparkling, effervescing, oxygenated water that comes tumbling down from the peaks and would drink instead from the horse pond.

You may have to breathe more or less bad air during the day. But you don't have to breathe anything but the best of fresh air at night. And the best ought to be none too good for you.

HOW TO BE CLEAN AND HEALTHY WITHOUT CATCHING COLD.

NO EXCUSE FOR BREATHING DIRTY AND DISEASE AT NIGHT.

HIS ETIQUETTE.



Mrs. De Mon-I gave you my card yesterday; why did you not call for the clothing I promised you? Procurement Bill—Beg pardon, ma'am, but yesterday was Monday and so I said "At home Thursday."

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE CHARLIE?

By T. E. POWERS.



1. How'd you like to rebel against the machinations of good Deacon Wootsey and the Sunday-school superintendent and against the fair Footsey Wootsey's heartless country, and decide to tear her plaster image from your heart—as Charlie did?

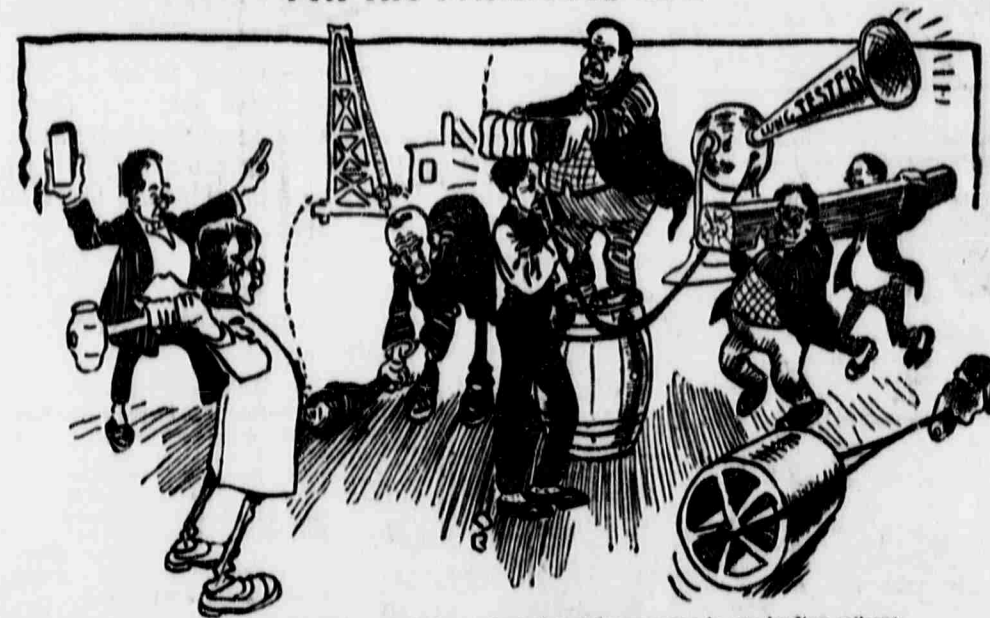
2. And go straight away to the nearest recruiting station, with your soul aching with sanguinary plans to break Footsey's false heart by perishing amid a ring of the slain upon the (out) field of glory, with your face to the foe and your name in the papers—as Charlie did?



3. And strip for physical examination before the Medical Board and exhibit a herculean 19-inch chest, 4-inch biceps, a bull-neck 9 inches in girth, and a chest expansion of .0009 inches, and a lifting power that could not even raise a salary—as Charlie did?

4. And be kicked ignominiously out of the recruiting office amid ritual jests as to your incapacity, only to find the Footsey was not false after all, but had enlisted as a Pink Cross nurse, to be near you, and to have her welcome you with open arms—AS SHE DID CHARLIE?

FOR THE STRENUOUS LIFE.



It is announced that there is soon to be a physical test for entrance in our leading colleges.

SOCIETY OF RUINS. Its Formation in America Suggested by "One of Them."

THIS city will soon consist of a lot of new houses, on many of which there will be tablets setting forth that on this site formerly stood the house occupied by so-and-so, well-known, &c. There are a lot of such tablets all over town now.

I suppose that as soon as the Stewart mansion, opposite the Waldorf-Astoria, is razed, somebody will get a job of getting out a tablet to mark that site. This is a good town for the tablet-maker. If this sort of thing keeps up there

won't be a ruin on Manhattan. Is there any way to stop it? Some years ago a friend of mine went abroad and one day he was guided out to the tomb of Juliet. The place, as he told me, looked like an old spring house in the South after the civil war.

The guide asked my friend what he thought of the Juliet ruin, and he replied that it was badly out of repair, and that if we had such a thing in this country we would put a roof on it and paint it.

It is also in keeping with a new Chicago man who built a market on a spot where a church formerly stood, and over the market-house door was the sign:

SMITH'S MARKET.
On This Site stood St. —'s Church.
Destroyed by the Big Fire.
The Best of Steaks and Slight Butter.

The talk of the day is organization of societies. I suggest a Society of Ruins. ONE OF THEM.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Food for a Two-Year-Old.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I have a little girl who is two years and nine months old. I would like to know what I could feed her that would do her the most good. Also how often she should be fed during the day.

C. M.

CHILD of this age should have food four times a day. The first meal at 7:30 in the morning. One or two tumblerfuls of orange juice, a saucer full of thoroughly cooked oatmeal or wheaten grits, one or two slices of stale bread with butter. Warm the milk if it is the little one's

HE KNEW BETTER.



Farmer Hultrooth—This here paper sees that a man in Chicago unloaded 500 bushels of corn one day last week in Chicago. Now, Marier, you know as well as I do that there ain't any man in the Ill State could do that much work in one day.

How to Care for the Baby.

Timely Hints to Mothers.

Nothing further to eat after the fourth meal.

A Freckled Baby.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I have a baby sixteen months old whose face is full of large brown freckles. Will they disappear or can I do anything to take them away?

Mrs. T. L.

LOTION just as a grown person would use would remove the freckles, but I should never advise it in such a case. You might use this very simple lotion, which will remove the skin. I doubt if it will do more than that for the freckles. Don't worry about them; time enough when the little girl gets older.

Simple Lotion—Boric acid, 1 dram; distilled witchhazel, 2 ounces; rose-water, 2 ounces. Bathe the face regularly with this when required.

Outstanding Error.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Will you kindly inform me what I can do to prevent my baby's ears from standing so far away from her head? Every time I lay her down and she moves her head she has her ears turned forward.

Mrs. H. P.

GO to one of the shops devoted to the sale of infants' garments and ask for an ear cap. They are not expensive and will correct the defect.

Berlin Hello Girls.

Nine girls have been specially engaged to take charge in the Berlin central telephone office of the service with Paris. By agreement French has been adopted as the official language, as many Germans know French, but few French know German.